

SONGS FOR SINNERS

SONGS FOR SINNERS

BY

THE REVEREND HUGH FRANCIS BLUNT

“For all have sinned, and do need
the glory of God.”

St. Paul to the Romans: III, 23.



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TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE REVEREND EDWARD MICHAEL RAFTER
(1878-1912)

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SONGS FOR SINNERS

COMPANIONSHIP

O drear, cold wind,
O fierce, bold wind,
 Whistling shrill
Up the hill,
Through the pines,
 Never still.

O lone, sad wind,
O poor, mad wind,
 Now with moan,
Now with groan,
Always sad,
 Always lone.

O cold, drear wind,
Yet sweet, dear wind,
Spirit's pain
Craves thy strain;
We are friends,
Grieving twain.

WINTER BIRCHES

Birchen branches, ghostly white,
Silent sentinels of night,
Risen from the winding-sheet
Of the snows about your feet,
Are ye Summer, buried here,
Bleachèd bones of yester-year?

Birchen branches, ghostly white,
Ye remind me this to-night:
From my heart, the joys entombed
(Ages long ago they bloomed)
Dangling rise unto my gaze—
Skeletons of parted days.

A DRAUGHT

“Drink deep!” a goblet bright
A nymph placed in my hand;
“At thy command
Sweet pleasure lingers in this cup of
light.

Drink deep, sweet wine of joy is
here,
And happy cheer.”

And lo, I drank it, for the liquid rolled
So tempting fair,
All joy seemed there
Within the cup of purest, finest gold.

And then I cursed the lips that falsehood told,

And I did hear

Her taunt of laugh and sneer,

“Trust not the draught because the cup
is gold.”

IN CHAINS

Here on the ground I lie, among the
leaves,
The stray-tost leaves of early summer-
time,
World-weary leaves of latest autumn-
tide;
Among the child-eyed daisies, dropt
from Heaven
For comforting and bringing peace to
men.
I gaze about upon the waving grass,
Ridged by the furrowing of summer
breeze,

And topped with daisies, shining as the
foam

Tossed lightly by the wavings of the sea.
Above, below, how full of peace serene;
Yon sky as blue as bluest e'er could be
With screeny clouds that glint against
the blue,

The glittering foam of that broad, bluest
sea.

How all is peace! The very birds sing
peace:

Peace from the robin, from the partridge
drum,

And e'en the hawk doth seem to tell of
peace.

These all at peace, the echoes answer
peace,

And to mine ear, pressed close to earth's
own voice,

The buried strata whispering ages long
Tell to the bubbling springs the song of
peace.

And all is peace, and all is sweetest
peace.

These all have peace, and sing their
hymn of peace

From *Fiat* days till now thro' million
years:

But man, wee mortal of an infant's days,
Stands at the brink of life's steep
precipice,

The scarped and jagged cliff of barren
days,

The forward road choked with the slash-
ing briars

And gnarled trunks of lightning-
shivered trees

That stood once cedars of the Lebanon,

And lonely gorge of fetid, sulphurous
streams,
The shattered past, the barren days to
come.

Peace—and is man the noblest work of
God,

Is man the fruit of counseling Divine,
The crown of nature made to image
God?

Is he the master of creation's wealth,
And must he know no sentiment of peace
Which e'en his low-born, brute-souled
subjects know?

The rocks know peace, the flowers need
blow in peace,

The sea-gull wins the blue sky's smiling
peace,

The serpent hissing in the rocky den

Has peace as well as softly cooing dove.
The morning's light is mirror of the
 peace,
And hilltops sigh night's lullaby of
 peace.
But man—oh, tell me not that kingly
 man
Is more than these, that his is better lot
Than free-born eagle's soaring to the
 clouds
And skimming dews from off their
 mystic flowers;
Than purple violet, or blade of grass:
These all have peace, but man is all of
 war.
Where is the right, the justice of it all?
For I am crushed to earth, not e'en to
 reach
The flight of eagle with my keenest eye,

Yet sages say that these are weakling
"things"

And all below the powers of mine own
soul.

What sayest thou, my soul, so reft of
peace?

What power of ill hath bound thee in its
chains?

For sure thou wert not always so dis-
tressed,

So cast to earth, to be with envy filled
Of e'en the lowest husks of nature's
wealth:

Thou who wert made in likeness of a
God,

And filled with rapture of His endless
peace,

And joyousness and ever-blessedness,

Thou must have felt some clash of foes-
men's arms,
Rebellion's cruelties and deep dis-
grace:
Some fault, my soul, of thine own inner
self,
Some fall from righteousness in distant
years,
Some bending to the Godhead's enemy,
Some casting of the greatest boon away;
Else why shouldst thou be filled with
movements wild,
With jarring pangs, with lurings to
despair,
When lowly daisy nods so peacefully,
And wheeling sea-gull moves so peace-
fully,
And skylark soars to Heaven so peace-
fully.

My soul, thou canst not hide thy deep
disgrace,

Canst not complain, for thou art all to
blame;

In this thou hast thy sad epitome—
Unfaithfulness is never kin to peace.

Is there no hope, no hope of peace re-
gained?

Behold the robin sings, “Rejoice with
me.”

The pine-trees hum, “Rejoice, rejoice
with me.”

The skylark flits above, and sings
“Arise,

Thy wings are fairer, stronger than
mine own.”

Behold, my soul, how calm and sweet the
air;

The summer's incense burns on glowing
sun,

The sweetness of repose, of calmest
peace,

Hath filled the crannies of the gladdened
earth.

Come, soul, let not thy voice be all alone,
Carping in discontent while birds sing
peace;

Let not thy heart be foul with stench of
hate,

When nature's breath is lavished on the
breeze.

Come, come, He calls; cast off the bind-
ing chain.

The spell of discontent, envenomed sin
Lies on thine heart; oh, crush it, cast
it off.

The chorus hath begun, Creation's voice

Awaits thy voice to swell its gladsome
tune.

Arise, thy chains have dropped; soar
high and sing
Of sweetest peace, the peace of
Christ the King.

A DIRGE

Weep for the days that are gone, my
spirit,

Weep for the years all dead;
Weep for thy heart and the sins that
sere it,
Weep for the tears unshed.

Weep for the yellowing harvest blighted,
Weep for the crushèd seed,
Weep for the vowings to evil plighted,
Weep, for thy wounds still bleed.

Weep for the works that were
unavailing,
Deeds that were done in death;

Weep for the strength from thy spirit
failing,
Weep for its wasted breath.

Weep for the past and its fruitless
seeming,
Weep for its bold deceit;
Weep for the chase after lure-lights
gleaming,
Weep for the sad defeat.

Weep, for the tears of a true repentance
Nourish the fallow earth;
Weep, and thy tears will avert sad
sentence,
Giving thy true self birth.

INVOCATION

Lord Christ, come back ; without Thee I
am lone,
Consuming grief eats to mine inmost
soul ;
The song of life hath ended in a drone,
The joys of life have turned to endless
dole.

Lord Christ, had I but known the misery
That follows them who choose to wor-
ship wrong ;
Had I but known the sorrowing to be
When evil ways had run their courses
long !

Lord Christ, they told me Thou wert but
a fool;

I said them nay, yet I did treat
Thee so,

And had no care for Thine eternal rule,
But reckless walked where'er I wished
to go.

Lord Christ, ah, I have cursed the fatal
day

When first the course of wrong I did
begin;

Have cursed the folly of my reckless way,
When first I learned to like the joy of
sin.

Lord Christ, 't was vain; alas, I know it
now;

I knew it then, but made it seem as fair:

Too late I woke ; the thorns have pierced
Thy brow,
And blood is gathered in Thy matted
hair.

Lord Christ, I know Thou now art
doubly dear,
Now when I dread to lose Thy helping
hand ;
Thou now art beautiful, when I do fear
That I have sacrificed my Promised
Land.

Lord Christ, come back ; ah, let me start
anew.
Here in the dust I kneel me at Thy feet ;
Do Thou but say, "My child, I pardon
you,"
And life again with Love will be replete.

I LOOK TO THEE

I look to Thee as after weary years,
Years of a revel in the haunts of crime,
When all the joys are gone, and only
tears
Remain of that old unreflecting time.

I look to Thee—they said Thou wert a
God
Of unrelenting justice, full of ire,
To bend my will beneath the weighty
rod,
And on my body heap the glutting fire.

I look to Thee—there is no anger there,
No wrath upon Thy thorn-berimmèd
face;
The look of pity only dost Thou wear,
The look of longing to pour forth Thy
grace.

I look to Thee—Thy wounded hands and
feet.
Thy battered face, Thy tear-bedimmèd
eyes
Have naught in them but pity, soothing
sweet,
And eagerness of One who gladly dies.

I look to Thee—ah, dear one, crucified,
I look to Thee for help and pity kind;
I come to Thee—ah, let me here abide,
In Thee alone my comfort will I find.

FALL DAYS

When the dead leaves litter the faded
grass,
And the moaning winds go sweeping
by,
Ah, the winter of life is come to pass,
And the lilt of spring is become a sigh.

And the vain life,—ah, in the flitting
leaf
And the faded grass is it imaged well;
For the laugh of the passions ends in
grief,
And the end of their sins is a dirge in
Hell.

O my heart, when the dead leaves pile
thy grave,
And the fall winds echo thy burial
song,
Will thy soul, like the grass, be the fierce
wind's slave,
And tossed like the leaves in a demon
throng?

ALL OF IT

One day of life,
One soul to save,
One weary strife,
One wayside grave.
One solemn knell,
One trampled sod,
One way to Hell,
One way to God.

WHAT NO MAN KNOWETH

When I am lying cold and dead,
With waxen tapers at my head,
The night before my Mass is said:

And friends that never saw my soul
Sit by my catafalque to dole,
And all my life's good deeds unroll:

O Jesu, Jesu, will it be
That Thou wilt turn away from me?

THE CONDEMNED SOUL

And must I go,

 O Savior, loving one,

To depths of endless woe

Where all is timeless flow

 Of misery just begun?

And will I see no more

 Thy sweet and loving face,

And will I hear Thy voice no more

 Within this holy place?

Thou canst not bid me hence!

 O Jesu, let me stay,

 See how my soul-depths pray

 To be with Thee for aye,

Thyself, O God, sole recompense.
O fool that I have been
To riot wild in sin
Thinking the pleasure sweet;
O fool, O fool so blind
To trust in humankind
Deceiving me complete,
When He was near to guide,
God lingering at my side
That I might turn and see
His kind eyes calling me;
But calling me in vain,
He there, and I, we twain,
And I alone averse to reconcile
My vagrant heart with His forgiving
smile.

O damnèd self, O damnèd world,
O damnèd woe to which I 'm hurled!
Why saw ye not my doom,

Why cried ye not, “Beware,
Of Sin take care,”

Ere I had reached the tomb?
But no, thou envious Hell,
Ye weavers of Sin’s spell,
Alone ye would not dwell,
But came to grapple me,
Me, me, so happy, free
To fight and conquer well.

But woe, alas, alas,
I saw Good Pleasure’s train
Soft-eyed as daisies in the grass
Alluring me to come and with it
dwell;

And I did go, though Conscience called
in vain

There was the place of Hell.
And now condemned I stand,
Crushed by Thy hand,

That made me out of naught;
To live and rot,
To rot and live
Never to be forgot;
Lord, Thou wilt not forget; Lord, Thou
wilt not forgive.
An endless dole of pain,
An endless dole of grief,
An endless death refrain,
And no relief.
Ah, vain life, vain,
Eternity of pain,
Eternity of woe!
And I must cry the cries insane
With demon hordes below;
O loving Jesus, must I go,
When Thou canst save me from the
awful woe?
Oh, to be here,
Where Thou art near!

O Jesus, hark to me,
And I will gladly live
In torments Thou wilt give,
Just to be near
Thy voice to hear,
O God, to be with Thee !

No pity now, no pity, Thou dost say?
O earth, O time, why passed away!
One moment of thy lot,
And penance would be wrought
Of which the greatest saints know
naught!
And must I go
To Hell below?
O damning Christ, I hate
Thy smiling, kindly face
That sealeth thus my fate;
I hate Thee in Thy Heavenly place.
I hate Thy bosom of eternal rest,

I hate you, scorn you, spirits blest.

O gaping Hell,

Why hated I not thee so well?

Eternity! He said;

And I am dead,

And Hell my only bed.

O Christ, where art Thou fled?

I cannot see Thee more;

Too late, too late, He said,

Thou shouldst have wept before.

I curse Thee, Lord,

I curse Thy word,

That drove me from my goal;

I curse thee, thee my guilty soul,

That sought this place of dole.

O murdering sin, O sin,

Could I again begin,

Alas, what might have been!

THE DESERT OF THE SOUL

A thousand strangers on the thorough-fare:

To none of them a greeting dare I tell.

My soul, though all the world were
gathered there,

What yet would be the loneliness of
Hell?

THE MARKET-PLACE

Lord, I have a soul to sell,
Many buyers sue;
Night and day they guard it well,
Lord, what *will* I do?

Some have offered me their gold,
Gold has mighty power:
Oh, how many lives were sold
For its yellow shower!

Some have offered me their bays,
Wreaths of pleasant fame,
Years of mankind's fulsome praise
Singing for my name.

Some have offered pleasures sweet,
Sating of the flesh;
Loves of earth with lust replete
Lure me to their mesh.

Lord, I have a soul to sell,
Many buyers sue;
Night and day I fight their spell,
Lord, what can I do?

Thou wilt buy this soul of mine?
Sin-stained soul of earth?
Thou wouldst buy my soul as thine?
Lord, 't is nothing worth.

Thou wilt give Thyselv for me,
Flesh and blood of Christ!
Lord, that I might worthy be,
At Thy heart's love priced!

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

“Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows; and we have thought Him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted.”—*Isaias* : LIII, 4.

“As a sheep to the slaughter.”—*Isaias* : LIII, 5.

I

CONDEMNATION

As criminal He stands, condemned to
die,

A trembling God before the mighty
throng;

And Pilate seeks to wash away the
wrong,

While myriad voices shriek, “Yea,
crucify!”

Yea, crucify and kill! the Master's sigh
Breathes forth in love against the
hatred strong
That surges up, and hurries Him
along
To sate its fury: and no help is nigh!

O Christ, Thou seest now the sinful
weight
That hath no one to bear it—only Thee:
The anguish of it all, the ponderous
freight
Of thought and deed begetting misery.
Have pity, God, and let Thy doom to
death
Save us from doom when sighs our
dying breath.

II

THE BURDEN OF THE CROSS

Agony and disgrace
Are hungry for their food;
And the cross seeks resting-place
On shoulders drenched with blood.

The misery of it all!
The crime of the first great Fall,
The sin of the world since then,
The evil beyond all ken
Have now the right to fall
On a God Who was denied:
Oh, the misery of it all—
A God and His will defied!

Dear Master, make us weep
For Mankind's sin.
Near Thee, oh, let us keep;
New life begin.

III

THE FIRST FALL

Man fell from highest state,
Fell burdened with his crime,
Fell to the bitterest fate,
Fell—till the end of time.

A pitying Son doth speak,
And beggetteth for mercy sweet;
He falleth to earth to redeem the weak,
He, innocent, merciful, Jesus meek.
Cease, wicked people. 'T is God ye
beat!

O Jesus, by Thy fall,
This fall on the way to die,
Keep us from Satan's thrall,
Stand Thou in pity by,
When we go forth to die.

IV

MOTHER AND SON

The Mother stands : she peers adown the
street :

Whom doth her piercing eye so eager
seek ?

She trembleth now, her tottering step
is weak :

Whom doth she seek ? Whom doth she
yearn to greet ?

Ah, doomèd Jesus, 't is Thy bloody feet
That she doth see, Thy blood-bedewèd
cheek,
Thy brow where thorns a cruel
vengeance wreak;
Alas, what misery! and thus they meet.

O Son and Mother, these are bitter woes
That ye have suffered in this loving
deed;
Ye felt the scourging and the bitter
throes,
Ye felt the agony of hearts that bleed.
Oh, pity, mercy, show to my poor heart,
And grant that we shall meet, no more to
part.

V

THE HELP OF SIMON

Who would not love to wear
The crown which Jesus wears?

Who would not love to bear
The cross which Jesus bears?

But see, He 's weak and worn,
He trudgeth slowly on,
A criminal forlorn,
Our Savior, weak and wan.

Ah, woe, will none assist
The Christ with His crushing weight?
To His laboring sighs they list,
But they leave Him to His fate.

“He 'll die beneath the load,”
They cry, “Bid some one here
To help Him on the road
Till Calvary is near.”

O Simon, Heavenly blest
To carry the Master's cross;
Thou who art Jesu's honored guest
Bid Him to give us holy rest,
And save us from endless loss.

VI

VERONICA

Woman, who bravest the angry foe,
To comfort thy Savior in His woe,
And soothe Him as deathward He doth
go,
Thou art well blest!

Woman, who standest in that dear place
Where floweth the flood of the Master's
grace,
Who touchest the blood of His own sweet
face,
Thou art well blest!

True image of Thyself, O Christ,
Paint on my heart.
No other treasure let me ask
Than in Thy face's light to bask,
And never wish to part.

VII

THE SECOND FALL

He falls again;
The crushing pain
Speeds, eager, through His frame:

The taunt and jeer,
The guilty sneer,
Once more their Victim claim.

But He struggles again to rise,
His hour is not yet here.
Blood and dust in His eyes,
And He answers the murderers' cries:
He rises; O Death, come near!

So rise, my soul that fell
E'en to the brink of Hell;
So rise that fell before,
So rise to fall no more.

VIII
CONSOLATION

“Weep not for Me!” Ah, pitying, pitying God.

“Weep not for Me, for selves and
children weep!”

Consoling Christ, Who lifts no vengeance rod,

But wells sweet pity from His God-heart deep.

Oh, pitying, pitying God,
Console us now who cry,
Who yearn to have Thee nigh,
The while we moan and sigh,
O pitying, pitying God.

IX
THE THIRD FALL

Yet once again He falls to earth,
Weak nature bends beneath the load;
The gentle face, besprent with blood,
Doth kiss again the dusty road.

He knew 't would be, and yet He came
To bear the misery of life;
He knew 't would be, yet shrank He not
From battling in the awful strife.

O Master dear,
Ungrateful we
Let fall no tear
To dole with Thee.

Lift us from earth
Whereon we lie;
Give us new birth
Before we die.

X

THE STRIPPING

Behold Him now, His garments gone,
The shrieking mobs upon Him surge:
The shame, the misery of it all
'T is only God can purge.

Meek Lamb of virgin purity,
He hath the blushing shame to bear;
The countless deeds of wickedness
Are laid upon Him there.

Oh, sin can have no wage but death,
But death and its companion woe;
How gladly hath He paid the price
Because He loved us so.

O Sin, veil now thy shameful face
Before the Fountainhead of Grace,
For thou hast lost thy kingly place.

XI

THE CRUCIFIXION

List to the singing blows
Of the hammer upon the nail
As it burns a way through the tensioned
hands
That never a moment quail.

Gaze on the carmine flood
Deluging hands and feet,
Fountain of Love on the Calvary Hill;
Soon is the deed complete.

O merciful Jesus Christ,
Art Thou, Omnipotent King,
To suffer the hate of the vilest men
Who at Thee insult fling?

XII

DEATH

The head is bowed upon the breast,
The wearied brain hath found its rest,
The Sun of Right sinks in the west,
The deed is done.

The limbs are cold, the breeze sweeps by,
The voice is hushed, gone every sigh,
The light is faded from His eye,
 The deed is done.

Fall, darkness, fall, and hide the deed!
 The deed is done.
Sin slinks away with sated greed;
 The deed is done.

XIII

THE DESCENT

Sleep in the arms of Thy Mother now,
 Dead Jesus!
Falling Her kisses upon Thy brow,
 Dead Jesus!
But the days of the Bethlehem town are
 dead,

And the heart of the Mother is bitter
bled

While Her hands are caressing a thorn-
crowned head,

Dead Jesus!

Press Him, Mother, unto Thy heart,
Pierced with the sword of grief;
Whisper a prayer for Thine other sons,
Lead Him to our relief.

XIV

IN THE TOMB

Gently and peacefully
Lay Him to rest,
Deep in the heart
Of the rock well blest.

Lay Him to sleep,
Over Him weep;
Angels will keep
Vigil for Him.

Fasten the tomb,
Deep in the gloom;
Lo, 't is the doom,
Death, sin and death.

With Him our tears,
With Him our sighs;
With Him we die,
With Him we rise,
Christ Jesus!

ECCE HOMO

Behold the man! And Pilate led Him
forth,

The weak and trembling Christ before
the mob,

To beg for pity from that herd
accursed

That shouted, "Crucify! Barabbas
first!

This is not Christ. God's throne He
seeks to rob!"

Behold the man! Not sating craven
hearts

That seek the crown and scorn the
heavy cross,
'T is not on Him they fawn, He has
no throne;
They want a king, this Jesus they
disown;
Their earthly eyes see not but earthly
dross.

Behold the man! Gaze on His battered
face,
With soldiers' spittle and with blood
besmeared;
Look on that brow where thorns run
riot wild,
The quivering lips with brutal blow
defiled;
Is this the man whom kingly rulers
feared?

Behold the man! The griefs of endless
years
Well to those eyes and trickle down
each cheek;
The view of mankind's sin is fixèd
there;
The burning, burning view, the
aching care
All now on Him their crushing ven-
geance wreak.

Behold the man! And Pilate led Him
back,
Ambitious Pilate, slave of Mammon's
throne;
Not friend of truth, but one of
Cæsar's friends;
“Innocent of blood”—the trial ends;
And to the mob the Christ is given—
alone.

Behold the man! Ah, men once more
will see
The kingly face, which now they view
with hate,
Not bloody then, but glowing,
dazzling bright,
Not crown of thorns but of eternal
light,
And lips that quivered once will say—
“Too late!”

THE WONDER

The wonder of it, not that He hath died,
From clanking chains to set my spirit
free:

Infinite Love! what else would He
beside?

The wonder of it—He created me.

THE DAWN

Dark, all dark without,
And blacker still within;
The world all light-bereft,
And I enwrapt in sin.

But lo, the dawn
Comes conquering over night:
Thou, too, shine forth, my soul,
And shew thy light.

IDEALS

We grovel low; the fountain spring of
youth
Is turbid with the lust of life;
The light has failed, faint flushing
thro' the fog,
And thus we lie as cumbrous as the
log,
Fond hopes far vanished with the
luckless strife
That saw our fall when fell our heart
from Truth.

We grovel low; is this, my soul, the end?
With vacant eyes and senseless heart,

With careworn feet that cannot, dare not
wend

Their way to quiet in some better
part:

With leprous hands one mass of
itching smart,

With powerless tongues: O Death, thy
mercy send!

We grovel low: No longer, O my soul!

The spring, renewed in freshness,
bubbles bright,

The light fails not, all-radiant gleams
the goal,

The goal of Hope beneath Faith's
quenchless light.

THE PATHWAY

I walked along the lane of God,
The lane—they call it life,—
And every place my footsteps trod
I sowed the seed of strife.
It was not strife with things and man—
That world I loved too well—
'T was strife with God my soul began;
I laughed at death and Hell.

I walked along the lane of God;
I knew not I was blind,
Till on my soul He laid His rod,
My Savior, sweet and kind.

“Oh, turn thee back, thou soul, and see
The harvest thou hast borne;
A dreary road thou madest Me
Of ugly briar and thorn.”

I walked along the lane of God,
And God came walking, too;
With heavy cross I heard Him plod;
The thorns were piercing through.

“Oh, wherefore, Lord, dost walk this
way?

Oh, seek an easier lane.”

“Thy road is Mine,” I heard Him say,
“Thou sowest all My pain.”

I walked along the lane of God,
And God was at my side;
I bore with Him the Holy Rod
Where He hangs crucified.

I bent to gather up the thorns
I sowed in evil years;
The crown of them His brow adorns—
I saw them through my tears.

THE PRODIGAL SOUL

Didst call, my Lord? I heard Thee call,
I of the deadened ear;
Thy voice—as dripping waters fall
From off the river's weir.

I heard, my Lord, as hears at night
The under-songs of streams
Who rests him 'neath the quiet light,
And speaks no tongue but dreams.

And thus I heard, when tired day
(And tired day is life)
Had left the road a little way,
The road of dust and strife.

Mayhap I heard Thee at the morn ;
But morn has many a voice—
Wood-calls, and sea, and strident horn
Of marts where men rejoice.

Ah, dead mine ear, for that I craved
To feel why men were glad ;
And, truant child, I heedless braved
Thy wrath : but youth is mad !

Could be that Thou wert calling then,
When seemed I happiest,
The days I joyed with souls of men,
And felt their life the best ?

Came joys to me, full-throated joys ;
Or was it but a dream,
A sleep, where I could hear no voice
Save of the things that seem ?

I lived, but now I know I died;
For Death can be Life's mime.

No marvel, when Thy voice had cried,
I heard but sleep's dream-rhyme.

Didst wake me, Lord? somehow I heard;
I felt no spittle-sign,
No soft *Ephpheta's* opening word,
Thy lips close unto mine.

Somehow I heard, as one at eve
May hear the forest-bird,
And wonders did the morning weave
Such spells—yet all unheard.

Didst call, my Lord? Yea, Lord, I know
Thou hast been calling me,
O'er hills of spring, o'er drifts of snow,
Till I had answered Thee.

I heard Thee, Lord, as eager hears
The saddened, truant lad
The voice of her who seeks in tears—
Lord, are they not both glad?

Thou callest, Lord; I hear Thee well,
I of the opened ear.
My soul, a wakened Samuel,
Cries out: “Speak, Lord, I hear.”

THE LIGHT

Light that is presage of Heaven
Mounting over the hill,
Glinting the feathery vapors,
Silvering chattering rill;
Light that is presage of Heaven
Cometh so soft and still.

Light that is presage of Heaven
Flooding the rounded sky,
Glowing with fullest ardor,
Looking so low, so high;
Light that is presage of Heaven
Answereth Dark's lone cry.

Light that is presage of Heaven
Creeping below the line,
Smiling on lonesome earthdom,
Kissing the moaning brine;
Light that is presage of Heaven
Be to my soul God's Sign.

IN PEACE

Peace, as the groves have peace
When throbs of the daytime cease,
And the moonbeams creep
Where the wee birds sleep,
And into the lair of the squirrels peep,
Murmuring peace, sweet peace.

Peace, which the waters know,
Hushèd their noisy flow,
When the gray moonlight
And the starshine bright
Still all the fears of the gruesome
night,
Murmuring peace. sweet peace.

Peace, fairer far than this,
Cover us with its bliss ;
And the evening star
From the land afar
Will guide us to haven across the bar,
Murmuring peace, God's peace.

AN OFFERING

Only a broken vessel, Lord,
I offer Thee to-day,
A lowly, broken vessel, Lord,
Made out of sinful clay.

'T was fashioned once of fairest form,
A goodly, holy sight,
When Thy kind hand had moulded it,
And blessed it with Thy light.

'T was meant to be for Thee alone,
Thy gifts alone to hold;
Oh, it was shining, dazzling bright,
Like lustrous beaten gold.

Ah, had I ever kept it so,
A treasure for Thy grace,
It would not be so worthless now
Before Thy holy face.

And I with earth's delusive gifts
Did fill this vessel fair ;
Alas, they were a foulsome weight
The vessel could not bear.

Behold, O Lord, how many a scar,
How many a deadly seam ;
Where once was all so glorious,
Where Heavenly light did gleam.

I shudder, Lord,—wilt Thou accept
Such lowly gift as this ?
Unlovely vessel fouled by sin,
Yet yearning now for bliss.

Ah, Lord, I needs must cry despair,
Didst Thou not speak to me;
A broken heart, repaired in grief,
Will be received by Thee?

So, Lord, this broken vase is Thine;
Come with Thy grace to fill;
And may it ever near Thy heart
Love's perfume sweet distil.

A HEALTH

Health, to Thee, O Christ!

I drink the health of my King:
Health to the Man that has priced
My soul at His suffering.

Health to Thee, O Friend!

I drink my goblet of pain:
No cup where the red drops blend
In the flow of the grape-vine's rain.

Health to Thee, O Christ!

I drink, Thy brother and priest;
O blessed our altar-tryst,
Where I on Thy blood may feast!

BLOOD BROTHERHOOD

Lord, make a brotherhood with me,
For God is Thy Sire and mine;
By bond of love we will brothers be,
And our blood will be the sign.

Lord, make a brotherhood of blood;
And here is the cup of gold.
Under Thy wounds of the carmine flood
The goblet of love I hold.

Oh, hot Thy blood, my Brother Christ,
As into the cup it drips;
What draught of life for our loving tryst
That lureth my parchèd lips!

Lord, make a brotherhood with me,
And fasten my soul to Thine.
I have drunk Thy blood of fraternity,
Wilt Thou ease Thy throat with mine?

WHEN DEATH COMES

If I could have my will,
I would not calmly die,
Lying so cold and still,
With loved ones kneeling by.

I would not fall to sleep,
While chaplet-croons were said,
And tender eyes did weep
That I would soon be dead.

If I could have my way,
I would not calmly die;
E'en though God's Mother lay
In peace as death came nigh.

If I could have my will,
I 'd go in blood and sweat,
While out my blood did spill
From sword or bayonet.

I 'd go with loppèd hands,
With loppèd feet as well,
While all the earth's dull sands
Were reddened where I fell.

I 'd go as went my Chief:
Lord, am I not a Christ?
Nor would I crave relief
Till I had all sufficed.

I 'd go as Peter went,
Head-down upon the tree;
I 'd spend as Paul him spent
Till sword-cut set him free.

If I could have my will,
I 'd prove my loyalty
By pouring blood until
My Lord had said: "Let be!"

O leper soul of mine,
No other boon canst crave
But in the dust to pine,
Far from the martyrs brave.

If I could have my way—
But, Lord, be Thy way mine.
Me as a coward slay,
If I may be but Thine.

A PRAYER

Could pain make all things right,
 Ease me of sin, and so restore
My darkened soul unto Thy light,
 Send pain, O Lord, and bruise me sore.

Could death make all things right,
 Pay for the days of wasted life,
And make my soul a pleasing sight,
 With death, O Lord, I 'd make no
 strife.

Could love make all things right,
 Wash white my scarlet robe of sin—
O Love, whose love is infinite,
 Give me the love Thy love to win.

FOR LOVE

No task is menial which our Master
sends,

If love suffuse it with its Heavenly
light;

*He washed the feet of them, His lowly
friends—*

A common task, by love made holy rite.

ROYAL GIFTS

Came a prince from regions far
Guided by the wondrous star:
Wherefore, Prince, this gift of gold
Which thou lettest Jesu hold?
Of thy gold He needs no part,
For He owns Her golden heart.

Came a prince with incense rare
As a breath of Eden's air:
Wherefore, Prince, this goodly scent
O'er His little crib besprent?
Needs He not thy choice perfume,
While the Sharon Rose doth bloom.

Came a prince with gift of myrrh
(Prophet of His sepulchre) :
Wherefore, Prince, the unction sweet
At the little Jesu's feet?
Arab's balm He will not miss
While He feels His Mother's kiss.

GOD'S REST

“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.”—*St. Luke: ix, 58.*

O foxes sheltered from the wold,
How can ye rest abed,
While little Jesus is so cold,
No place to lay His head?

O birds that build your downy nest,
How can ye be so gay,
When not a place hath Mary blest
Her little Bird to lay?

O Jesu, seek not foxes' lair,
Nor crave the wee birds' nest:
Oh, make my heart a dwelling fair,
And in it take Thy rest.

OUR LADY'S TREES

What saw our Lady in the tree,
The thorny tree?

Oh, what but spines all long and red
To crown Her little Jesu's head!

What saw our Lady in the tree,
The aspen tree?

Oh, what but rods to make the flail
Would make Her Jesu's body quail!

What saw our Lady in the tree,
The cedar-tree?

Oh, what but beams to weigh Her loss—
Her Jesu's body on the cross!

MY GOD

Mighty God they name Thee,
God Omnipotent;
Ruler they acclaim Thee
Of the world's extent;
Yea, but I, a lowly clod,
Call Thee this—*My* God.

King of Heaven they bless Thee,
King eternally;
God they do confess Thee
Of infinity;
Yea, but I, the lowliest clod,
Call Thee this—*My* God.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE, AND PEACE

My Lord, I will not grieve
How faith on earth is dead;
What mysteries Thy priests believe
Who break their Daily Bread!

My Lord, I will not moan
How black is earth's despair;
For I have heard the sinner groan
In penitential prayer.

My Lord, I will not dole
How love is gone away;
I saw it in a maiden's soul
Her First-Communion Day.

My Lord, I will not sigh
How war is everywhere;
I saw an Irish granny die—
O Lord, what peace was there!

THE EPIPHANY

If I were a king this festal day,
In a regal palace I would not stay,
I would ease my coffers of yellow gold,
Enough for my royal train to hold;
Oh, gold and sceptre and crown I 'd
 bring
As a gift of love to the baby King.

If I were a king of Orient,
From the rarest trees I would take their
 scent,
I would make me the fairest golden urn,
And there would I let mine incense burn:

O blessèd my royal hands to swing
The perfumed clouds for the little King.

If I were a king this holy morn,
My brow with a crown I 'd not adorn ;
But with barèd feet and with barèd head
I 'd lay the myrrh at His manger-bed.
Oh, vials of odorous myrrh I 'd bring,
For unction sweet of my Savior-King.

If I were a king—in truth am I
But the lowliest vassal beneath the sky ;
No treasure I have, no frankincense,
Nor the smell of the myrrhèd cerements ;
Oh, naught can I give but the poorest
 thing,—
My heart and its love, O loving King.

OUR LADY'S CANDLEMAS HYMN

Open Thine eyes, my Jesu sweet,
The doves are cooing above the street,
Thy white little brothers, the lambkins,
bleat,
And the sun is waiting Thy smile to
greet.

Up, little one, from the manger's hay—
O sacred crib where my Sweet One lay!—
To the Holy City we must away,
For, Son, 't is Thy Presentation Day.

Safe to my bosom undefiled,
I 'll gather Thee close, my baby mild,

Oh, heed not the winds if they blow full
wild,
Thy father and I will guard Thee, Child.

O little Dove, two doves we 'll buy,
Thy Mother and Thee to purify,
Oh, happy the little doves to die
To make us pleasing to God Most High.

O little Lambkin that hast lain
Close to my heart, my joy, my pain,
I 'll offer Thee up with the lambkins slain,
And buy Thee back to my heart again.

Up, little Dove! How sweet 't would be
To cage Thee here for eternity!
But no, little bird, I will set Thee free,
For, long have the just ones watched for
Thee.

OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS

When I cull the violet—
Soft-eyed, dew-eyed violet,—
 See, I bring it to thy shrine;
Lady, I 'd not keep it mine:
For the soft-eyed violet,
With the heavenly vapors wet,
With its perfume like thy breath
That en-odored Nazareth,—
 Wherefore, Lady, should it be
But to tell its love to thee?

When I cut the daffodil—
Deep-heart, gold-heart daffodil,—

See, I lay it at thy feet;
Surely, Lady, it is meet:
For the deep-heart daffodil
Where the heavenly dews distil,
With its yellow-golden cup,
Like thine heart with love filled up,—
Lady, ne'er a flower made He,
But, I trow, to 'dizen thee.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

I saw her walking through the field,
God's Mother with her Son,
And every little flower-bell pealed
To praise the Holy One.

And every lily lifted up
To see the wondrous thing,
As bearers of a dew-filled cup
Before the little King.

Oh, every little rose upturned
To wave as He did pass,
And every little sunbeam burned
Its incense on the grass!

Oh, every little piping bird
Did trumpet from the tree,
And every little lambkin heard,
And danced, God's Lamb to see!

Oh, Nature all did serenade
God's Mother and her Son;
And then I knew why God had made
His creatures—every one!

TO MARY

O Lady, fairest Lady,
I bring from bowers shady
The violets white, the violets blue,
And twine them as a crown for You:
Is it that little violets guess
The wonder of their blessedness?

O Mary, Virgin Mary,
God's Flower extraordinary,
From out this garden's heart of mine
A wreath of *Aves* I entwine:
Oh, will I ever really know
What grace was mine to love You so?

OUR LADYE OF THE ROSARY

Wouldst Thou teach me how to pray,

Ladye of the Rosary?

Teach these faltering lips to say

Mystic songs to honor Thee?

Teach me, then, to clasp the beads

As the good Saint Dominic,

When he prayed Thee for the needs

Of the Albyan heretic.

Teach my lips to tell Thy praise

As the holy nuns and priests,

Chanting anthems all their days

For the glory of Thy feasts.

Teach me to declare my love,
As the little lisping girl,
Sending *Ave*-songs above,
Holding fast her beads of pearl.

Teach my lips to say the prayers
Which the Irish granny saith,
Holding fast Thy chain she wears,
Slave of Thine in life, in death.

Wouldst Thou teach me how to pray,
Ladye of the Rosary?
Teach me in the mother-way,
Lisping infant at Thy knee.

OUR LADY'S TROUBADOUR

He was Our Lady's troubadour,
And well he loved Our Lady, too,
As oft he sang her praises o'er
In this, the only song he knew,
Ave Maria!

He came not from the Orient far,
He wore no hose and doublet gay;
He played not on a light guitar,
But sang this song—an old man's
lay,—
Ave Maria!

He was Our Lady's Troubadour,
This poor old man from Erin's Isle,

Who sang this same song o'er and o'er,
And thumbed his Rosary the while,
Ave Maria!

And from the Castle window high
Our Lady's favor to him fell;
In Heaven, her troubadour for aye,
He sings—another Gabriel—
Ave Maria!

THE HELPER

My crown of thorns is great and strong,
My scourging cords are thick and long,
My cross is monstrous high and wide;
What matter? God is at my side.

THE VISION OF THE CROSS

Beneath the branching trees,
Against the April sky,
The Virgin Mary sees
The immolation nigh.

Oh, every twig 's a cross,
And every cross the hilt
Of sword—O bitter loss!
Must *His* life-blood be spilt!

No marvel, trees, ye moan
And shiver in the dark,
That one of you must groan
Beneath His body stark.

No marvel, Mother dear,
The vision clouds Thy joy,
To see the moment near
That crucifies Thy Boy.

For soon His Tree will grow,
And soon His Tree will fall,
And soon the hammer's blow
Will echo to Thy call.

Aye, soon when Thou wilt stand
Upon the fated hill,
To take Thy Jesu's hand
When death has done its will.

* * *

Oh, Mother, Queen of woes,
So stand beneath my tree,
When forth my spirit goes
To mount its Calvary.

THE MOTHER'S QUEST

“And, not finding Him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking Him.”—*St. Luke: ii, 45.*

Have you seen my little Love
Going by your door?
Off He flew, my little Dove,
And my heart is sore.

You would know my little Boy,
Dressed in white and brown.
How my heart o'erflowed with joy
As I wove His gown!

You would know Him from His hair,
All of raven hue;
You would know Him anywhere,
Once He looked at you.

Oh, if you should see my Own,
Seeking out His home,
Tell Him how my joy has flown
As the streets I roam.

Lead Him in beside thy hearth,
Bid Him there remain;
Tell Him, though I search the earth,
I will come again.

And if hungry He should be,
Give Him of your bread;
If He nod so wearily,
Make His little bed.

Woman, if you see my Boy,
Oh, to Him be kind!
You will have the fullest joy,—
Lo, 't is God you 'll find!

SAINT JOSEPH IN EGYPT

Little Jesus, close Thy lids
In the shade of pyramids;
Cuddle to Thy Mother's breast,
Fear is fled; now calmly rest.
Little Jesus, Holy One,
Child Who art my foster-son,
I have led Thee weary miles,
Saving Thee from Herod's wiles,
O'er the burning Afric sand
Into Egypt's bondage-land,
Where our sainted fathers slaved,
Ere the God of justice saved.

Child of Her, my Virgin-spouse
Whom the humble barn did house,
Lowlier dwelling here give I,
Couch of sand beneath the sky.
Jesu, must it ever be,
Pain and poverty for Thee?
Oh, my love would rear a throne
Richer than the Pharaoh's own;
I would build for Thee and Her,
I, the lowly carpenter,
Palaces of precious stone
Where we three might dwell alone.

Little one, I do but dream
Of the things that pleasant seem.
What would we with Kingly home,
We who bidden are to roam?
What would we with joys of earth
We who know whence Thou hadst birth?

Life is but an Egypt night
Where we yearn for morning's light,
Life is but a bondage place
Till we see Thy Father's face.
Bondage—ah, but little Child
Thou hast made our bondage mild.
Into bondage have I led
Her and Thee, my Worshipèd;
But when comes the Lord's command,
Back to Thine own Holy Land
I will lead Thee, little Slave,
There to die, my soul to save.
Then, my Jesus, Thou wilt be
Guardian of Her and me,
Leading us from Egypt's night
Into God's eternal light.

THE THREE HOME-COMINGS

Ah, glad the day Our Lady came
To Nazareth the lowly,
To Nazareth of blessed name,
To Nazareth the holy.

Ah, weak Our Lady was and spent,
As down to Nazareth she went,
But in her heart was Heaven's joy,
For she was home with God, Her Boy.

Ah, sad the day Our Lady came
Unto the Holy City,
From Calvary, the hill of shame,
Where He had found no pity.

Ah, desolate the Mother old,
And desolate her hearthstone cold;
'T was home, but home was not for her,
Save in her Jesu's sepulchre.

Ah, sing the day Our Lady came
From out her earthly prison,
When angels sang in glad acclaim
To see God's Mother risen.
Ah, eager did Our Lady rise
Unto her dwelling in the skies,
For Heaven was home, and home the
place
To see for aye her Jesu's face.

THE WASTE PLACES

My Love came running eagerly
 Across the morning hills ;
I knew His soul desirèd me,
 As hart the sparkling rills.
I hid me from my Love that day,
 I answered not His cry ;
I saw Him sadly turn away—
 I knew not He must die.

My Love, I weep the dreary night :
 The other loves I sought
Have turned to vileness in my sight,
 And only anguish brought.

O Love, if Thou wilt come again
Across the evil years,
I 'll serve Thee with my fullest pain,
And pledge Thee in my tears.

THE RIVER OF TEARS

“In hac lacrymarum valle.”—The Salve
Regina.

Under my heart a river flows,
And no one else its burden hears;
Under my heart it ceaseless goes,
The river of tears.

Gaily I laugh, and gaily sing,
A gladsome place the earth appears;
But under my heart 't is murmuring,—
The river of tears.

Merry is life and full of light,
And love sings louder than all my fears,

But sad it moans in the long, still night,
The river of tears.

O life, is all of thy mirth a show,
A moment's dream in eternal years?
Is this the *real* that sorrows so,
The river of tears?

Under the world the waters wend,
And life their moaning ever hears;
For only the sea of God's heart will end
The river of tears.

UNTRAMMELLED

Cor ad cor loquitur.

Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.

(Two mottoes of Newman.)

Soul speaking soul, not waiting for the
flesh

Of tongue, or ear, or eye to mould the
word;

Not bursting heart to make it sound
aright,

And then to die ere its true strain be
heard.

Soul speaking soul, not dragging endless
years

Behind a living corpse, that strove to
speak

From wondrous deeps of love, but all in
vain;

The mightiest, burning words it spake,
too weak.

Soul speaking soul, not dying in the
gloom,

Afraid to let its whisper plead for light;
Afraid to say, "the depths of all my
love,"

Afraid to beg its freedom from the
night.

Soul speaking soul, ah! bliss of God's
good Heaven,

Knowing as known within His holy
place;

Soul unto soul, no mirror's dim reflection,
But love, and love untrammelled, face to face.

THE POPLARS

Straight and tall the poplars grow
Even to my window high:
Turning from the earth below,
Every branch desires the sky.

Be my life, O Lord, a tree,
Like the poplar tall and straight,
Rising from earth's misery,
Till it touches Heaven's gate.

LOVE'S COMING

Love comes with a whisper soft and low,
As the breeze in the August trees,
Or as ripples of brine in a rhythm slow
At the edge of the dusky seas.

Love comes with a whisper soft and low,
But the love of God it comes not so.

Love comes with a footstep still and slow,
As the light to the gates of day ;
Or as timid beams from the soft moon's
glow,
When the cloud-mists melt away.

Love comes with a footstep still and slow,
But the love of God it comes not so.

God's love—it blows as the wild winds
blow,

For His love is a wind of might;
God's love—it glows as the noon-fires
glow,

For His love is Eternal Light.

Love comes with a whisper soft and low,
But the love of God, it comes not so.

LOVE WATCHETH

Down the lane of the April night
I saw the track of His shoon,
And I saw His mist-robes touched
with light
As He swung His lantern-moon.

Down the lane of the April skies,
Ah well did I know 't was He,
As He flashed His lamp upon mine
eyes,
And spake to me tenderly.

“O Watchman, weary the night,” I
cried;

“Why camest Thou not before?”
And the Lord said: “Long have I
watched outside,
Till Love unbarred thy door.”

TO A WHITE VIOLET

So small, infinitesimal,
Violet white;
But the sheen of feathery screen
Before moon's light
Is not more white.

So small, infinitesimal,
Yet, so great,
Heaven and earth have known their birth
By the Power
That made thee, flower.

So small—yet Heaven and earth
Were made to be:
So great—for Heaven and earth
Could not make thee.

WHERE WATERS MEET

Comes Joy upon the hills,
Exultant hills of youth:
And life-springs laugh in singing rills
From hearts that know not ruth.

Comes Grief within the vale,
The vale of scarrèd years;
And life-springs surge in moaning wail—
For life is only tears.

Comes Joy upon the sea,
Where all life's waters end;
And Joy that once seemed Grief to me
Is fairer at the end.

CHANGELESS

Fade, withered flower, thy life was but a
day,

Thy spirit long since wafted o'er the
lea,

Thou but a shadow, blown and lost for
aye,

And other flowers will list the same
decree.

But lo, the breath of One here
lingers still

From out the land of immortality,
Weighted with breath of incense

Heavenly,

And thus it ever will, it ever will.

Fall, empire, fall, from weariness and
age,

And let the desert's sand whirl o'er
thy tomb;

Draw to thine heart philosopher and
sage,

And crouch forgot, to give new
empires room.

But see, the Hand that made thee
lingers still,

Unwrinkled by thy years, young as thy
doom,

And there upon His cheek eternal
bloom,

And thus it ever will, it ever will.

Die, things of earth, annihilation's spoil,
And seek your grandsire in his empty
home;

The end has come to judge your ended
toil,

Nothing the end, as nothing was the
proem.

But over all your deathcry lingers
still

The Voice that shakes the Infinite's
broad dome

Dividing to men's souls the earnèd
nome,

And thus it ever will, it ever will.

AT DAWN

Glow, shimmering sea of ether, tinted
bright,

Aurora's smile is mirrored in thy
face;

In eyes of angels thou hast seen the
light,

And lured it from the golden,
Heavenly place.

Thou hast creation's charms in thine
embrace,

The fairest of the fair. O happy sight!
Transforming touch! Who thinks it
e'er was night?

O golden sun, crave not the zenith's height!
Far sweeter thus where cherub cloud-
lets chase.

Is Charon dead, and dost thou celebrate
His longed-for end in deathly Styx
below,

And with this signaling dost thou relate
To mortal man that he no fear may
know?

Thy golden torches brighter, fairer grow,
Victorious over night they wave elate,
And on his darkly robes their fury sate;
Up, up in praise thou sluggard man,
ingrate,

Cry out thy bravos for this wondrous
show!

O wondrous mount, where vagrant
clouds have mined,

And found the treasures that would
buy an earth,
An earth of gold with diamond chains
entwined,
'T is man alone who slighteth thy count-
less worth,
And scorns the hand Divine that gave
thee birth :
The earthly eye alone to thee is blind,
For thou dost silence e'en the blatant
wind,
And make the swarthy nighttime crawl
behind :
But man alone brings discord to the
mirth.

Is yon the portal of infinity,
The draperies that shield the golden
hall,

Whence flows the light of broad eternity,
A-piercing the transparent colored
wall?

Is it the shadow of the gleams that fall
On angel wings flashed by the golden sea,
The golden throne of mighty Deity,
A forward gleam of what our love
will be,

When He will come, His children
home to call?

Is yon the image of another sphere,
Where all is jewelled with undying
flame
Of unconsuming fire, that dares to peer
Beyond the ramparts of our glory
tame?

O earthliness, hast thou no power to
claim

One gleam of that, to keep it ever here,
To smile on us, when darkness will leer,
One gleam the sadness of our soul to
cheer?

O earth, to hold what light from
Heaven came!

Aye, verily, thou mount of jewels rare,
Beside a lake of sparkling reddest wine,
Each to the other lisping love-tales there,
And flashing smiles which only souls
divine,
Till both pure hearts in one sweet
smile entwine,
And tell, by all the joyousness they wear,
How love is happiness beyond compare,
And life a glory in those regions fair,
The border of the Sun-god's golden
mine.

But thou art fairer far, transplendent
one,

When lo ! I liken to thy golden sheen
The smile of Him, the eastern flaming
Sun,

That came to earth, the flesh of man
as screen,

And thro' that dimmèd cloud, unseen
His Godhead, when the night of sin had
run

In darksome course its folly long begun,
Flashed forth His glory, victory all won,

And made man happy in His light
serene.

LOVE

He needed us not, but He gave us being,
To dust He granted the power of seeing
The works of the arm of eternal might,
And knowing the bliss of the Godhead's
light:

O man, thou hast sounded the Sea of
Love!

AN ALLELUIA

(ON THE ALLELUIA OF THE SIXTH MODE)

That haunting strain, it follows me by
day,

It creeps beneath my pillow ere I sleep,
It flows as obligato when I pray,
And o'er my thoughts unceasing
watch doth keep.

I like to think my angel heard the strain
Before the throne in ages long ago,
Rejoicing now to sing the song again
In measure gentle, sweet, and calm,
and low.

Ah, Alleluia ! God, I praise Thy name ;
Ah, Alleluia ! 't is a hymn gets love ;
And in each note I hear the full acclaim
Of Heavenly harps, faint-sounding far
above.

DISSOLUTION

Speed thee, my soul, in a rapid flight,
Speed thee, speed thee;
Out with the clouds of the gruesome
night,
Out where the bodily heart takes fright,
Speed thee, speed thee.

Speed thee, my soul, like a northern gale,
Speed thee, speed thee;
Out with the winds in the lowly vale,
Out with the night-wind's frightened
wail,
Speed thee, speed thee.

Speed thee, my soul, from this bond of
clay,

Speed thee, speed thee.

Blow o'er the sands where the silver
spray

Of eternal Deep washes earth away,

Speed thee, speed thee.

Speed thee, my soul, for the light will
come,

Speed thee, speed thee;

Dark is the way but the glittering dome

Will shine from afar, and lead thee
home;

Speed thee, speed thee.

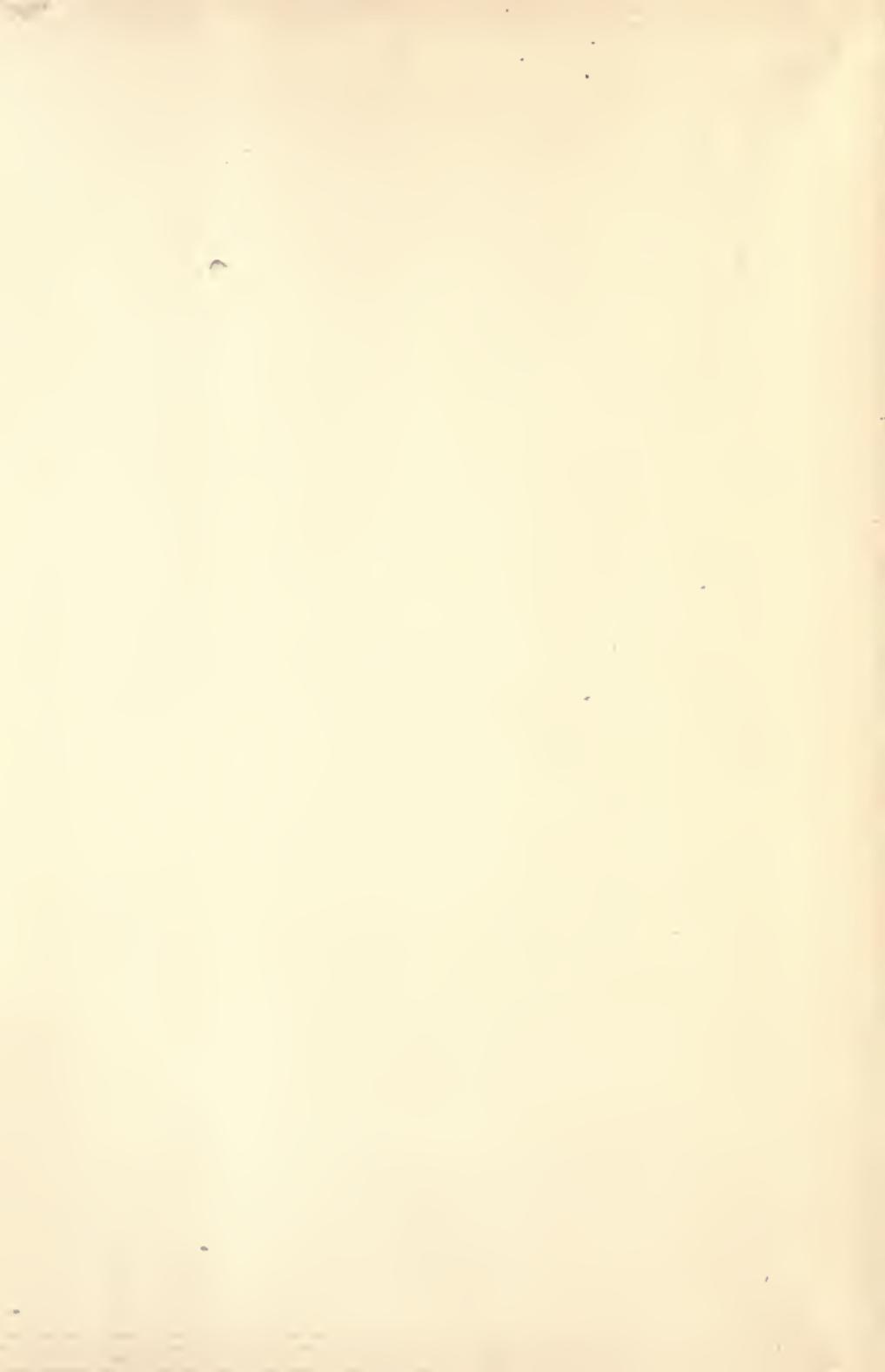
GOD'S WORLD

There is a flower that blows
 On the desert wild,
Where no man ever goes:
 Oh, vain that flower smiled!
No man—yet God can see
 How fair a flower may be.

There is a bird that sings
 In the woodland drear;
But trees are lifeless things—
 No man the song will hear.
No man—but God can tell
 If birds are singing well.

THE DIRT

Handful of earth, I do not scorn
For that thou art not scented flower.
My Brother Earth, when man was born,
'T was not the lily from His bower
Nor e'en the star-dust's hammered gold
That went into His fairest mould.
O Brother Slime, what artisan
Could mould us to the form of man!



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